

Rural Independence.

To show the modern organization of agriculture under the best conditions in a well-developed community in one of the central states, I take the actual instance of Mr. Russell. Mr. Russell is a farmer who owns eighty acres of land and makes a specialty of dairying and fruit raising. Of course he hires a man and his wife by the year; gives them a neat, separate tenant-house, and pays them \$300 a year in cash for their services. An electric car line runs past the farm to a good market town, about four miles away. A creamery and canning factory is reached by this same trolley route.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, whirr, whirr goes an automatic electric alarm in the tenant house. The hired man gets up and hurries to the big barn. He feeds and grooms the cows and cleans out the stalls. Then the proprietor arrives in time to help at the milking. Both men wash their hands and put on clean white duck suits used only when they milk.

The milk goes to a neat milk-room adjoining the barn and is fed into a centrifugal cream separator operated by electric power derived from the trolley line. A touch on a lever and the little motor hums merrily. Almost before you know it the separator has whirled all the cream out of the fresh milk into the shipping cans; while the skim milk—still warm and appetizing—is ready for feeding to calves and pigs.

The filled cream cans are hooked to a wire carrier, which spins them, by force of gravity, direct to the trolley platform on the road. In a few minutes a trolley car comes along, with a freight car attached, stops at the platform, takes the cans on board, and then whirls away with them to the creamery. The freight charges are but a few cents (which are collected weekly) and the empty cans are returned later in the day free of charge. Mr. Russell is credited by the creamery with so much cream and on settlement day he receives a check in payment.

Thus the milking is done and the cream is on its way to market before Mrs. Russell is out of bed. She does not have to bother with "setting" the milk in pans, or with ripening or churning the cream. She is no longer a slave to milk-pans and churns; and the old unsatisfactory way of "trading out" the butter at a local grocery store is done away with entirely. Butter or cream now means cash.

The cows, instead of picking a poor living from uncertain pastures, are stabled in clean stalls, cool in summer, warm in winter, and always well ventilated. Instead of "guess-work feeding," they are given a scientific ration exactly adapted to their needs.

A windmill, a tubular well, and a tank supplies pure water for barn, house, lawn and milk-room. The windmill has an automatic governor which stops or starts pumping according to the needs of the big storage tank. There is fresh water before each cow constantly, regulated by an automatic watering device. The stable floor is of cement, and is flushed clean with the hose twice a day. The stable walls glisten with whitewash, and everything is as neat and clean as it once was dirty and untidy. Dairying is now a science.

The cows are fed various grains and large quantities of ensilage—the latter from a big round silo holding 200 or more tons of succulent, preserved corn-fodder. Corn is planted and fertilized with the aid of special machinery, worked with a "riding" cultivator, and cut by horse-power. Not a single clip from an old-fashioned hoe is required, and the operator rides comfortably at his work with a sun-awning rigged up over his head. One man and team can now do the work of many men, and do it better. The man with the hoe has become the man with the horses.

And it is much the same with fruit or other farm products. The ground

is plowed with a sulky plow, or torn to pieces with a sharp disc harrow. Whether plowing or harrowing, the operator rides or walks as he chooses; machine and team do the work.

The trees are systematically sprayed by a system of compressed air operated by power obtained from a wagon's moving wheels. One man drives the team, and two other men hold the nozzles and send the fine spray exactly where needed. The proportions and ingredients of the various spraying mixtures have been exactly determined by scientific experiment. Injurious insects and fungus diseases are thus combated rapidly and successfully.

When the fruit is ready to market it is taken to Mr. Russell's packing-house, and there "sorted" by an ingenious machine grader into three or four grades or sizes. After being carefully packed, the various grades are stenciled for shipment. Toward night a trolley-car takes the day's gathering direct to its destination—canning factory, steamboat dock, or commission man. Checks for sales come back promptly by mail.

There is a telephone in the barn and in both houses, connecting the farm with town and neighbors. Mr. Russell, like any other merchant, has an "office" of his own at his place of business—the farm. He takes one or two daily newspapers, which reach him promptly by rural mail carrier, and he keeps constantly informed on market conditions. Every day he telephones to his commission man, or to private customers, or to the canning factory, and he makes definite arrangements about shipments and sales. Each day's business is regulated according to the prevailing conditions; not a single consignment is sent off blindly. You will find no suspicion of "pig in a poke" about Mr. Russell's methods.

He keeps a simple set of books, and he knows at the end of each year just how he stands. He works hard, but not in the way his father worked. He directs the machinery, whereas his father was the machinery itself; he farms with brains instead of hands; he rides a good saddle-horse about his place, whereas his father was ridden by his work.

Now take a look into the snug farmhouse and what do you see? There are new books and magazines, pictures, and dainty furnishings. There is a piano in the parlor, and a bicycle or two on the back porch. Everything looks comfortable, cozy and attractive without attempt at style or show. The chairs are intended to sit on, and the old hair-cloth sofa is now a genuine lounging place.

In winter the house is heated by a hot-water furnace in the cellar; and ventilation is insured by open fire-places. In the kitchen there is a modern range; and in the cellar you will find a refrigerator. Electric lights are everywhere—in the house, on the porch, in the barn. The trolley line furnishes the current, of course. Thanks to windmill and tank, good water is on tap wherever needed—hot or cold. And, if you fancy a bath, you will find the Russell bathroom as convenient as your own in the city.

The boys and girls of the family attend the high school in the town; the trolley line making a special school-rate of two cents for the round trip. Church and entertainments are liberally patronized, for modern farm life—thanks to the trolley—is no longer isolated.

Once each day (Sundays excepted), Uncle Sam's rural carrier brings the mail to the farm-house, and it is hoped he will soon bring in addition the latest government weather forecast. He sells stamps, money orders, and takes letters and packages for mailing. Often, too, he does little errands for people who care to pay for the favor.

Do the boys and girls leave this sort of farm? No! They compare their home comforts, and their parents' suc-

cessful, peaceful life, with what they see in town, and are contented.

To sum up, Mr. Russell is the most independent man in the world. He has really achieved the independence that has so long been talked about in connection with farming.—Walter E. Andrews, in the World's Work.

Books Received.

Tarry Thou Till I Come, or Salathiel, the Wandering Jew, by George Croly, with introductory letter by Gen. Lewis Wallace; published by Funke & Wagnall Co., New York.

The Children of the Nations, a study of colonization and its problems, by Poultney Bigelow; published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The Coming Democracy, by Orlando J. Smith; published by the Brandur Co., 220 Broadway, New York.

The Book of Genesis, in the Light of Modern Knowledge, by Rev. Elwood Worcester; published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Five Years of My Life, 1894-1899, by Alfred Dreyfus; published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Politics of the Nazarene, or What Jesus Said to Do, by O. D. Jones; published by the author at Edina, Mo.

Eight Hundred Test Questions and Answers on the Bible and Bible Lands, by Rev. Chas. C. Hembree; published by the author at No. 1423 Harrison st., Kansas City, Mo.

Imperialism and Asiatic Competition with American Labor, by Frank H. Wilcox; published by Economic Publishing Co., Oelwine, Ia.

The Godly Seer, a True Story of Hiawatha, by Ellis Woodworth; published by the Iroquois Press, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Procession of the Planets, by Franklin H. Heald, published by the author at Los Angeles, Cal.

The North Star and the Southern Cross, being the personal experiences, impressions and observations of Margaretha Wappner, in a two years' journey around the world, 2 volumes; published by Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany, N. Y.

The Rustle of His Robe, a vision of the time of the end, by Margaret Inez Katharine Kern; published by F. Tennyson Neely Co., New York.

Lyre-Touches from the Hudson, by Wm. Benignus; published by John Oehler, 87 Frankfort st., New York.

A Gloomy Picture.

The following from the Eldorado (Kas.) Republican, a republican paper, does not read like a prosperity argument:

"When the cold wave comes—and it will come; when financial distress hits every business man in the land—and it will hit; when the seven lean kine are turned loose—and they will be turned—all the blooming idiots who have blown their millions and billions into these balloon trusts will be annihilated as quickly as a doll paper house in a Texas tornado; while the distress to be brought upon the country will cause—if not a revolution—something very nearly approaching one. Judgment day will come to all these billion dollar hot air schemes and it will come with a force and power that will shake the financial world from end to end; and the fortunes that will be swallowed up will be counted by billions. We have had panics before, but all of them combined will not be a patching compared to the one that is bound to follow this criminal inflation of everything on the earth; and it will call out all the cold storage patriotism in the country to save it from destruction.

Took Himself Seriously.

"What did Gobang do with the money he earned by writing articles showing how to get rich raising chickens?"

"He lost it running a chicken farm in New Jersey."—Town and Country.

Old Sayings.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale.
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat,
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.
As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox.
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox,
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air,
As rich as was Croesus,
As cross as a bear.
As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin,
As dead as a door nail,
As white as a sheet,
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.
As round as an apple,
As black as your hat,
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat,
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick,
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.
As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock,
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee,
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mines and Mining Shine & Sons, Investment Brokers, Leadville, Colo.
BINDER TWINE Farmers wanted as agents AUGUST POST, Moulton, Ia.

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